

THE LIBERATOR:
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,
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Oil of Hawthorn,
Pear's Oil,
Cinnamon Balsm do.,
Cassia do.,
Oil,

Oil of America, for
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POETRY.

From the Christian Examiner.
LIBERTY, THE RIGHT OF EVERY MAN.
'He giveth to all life, and breath, and hath made
one blood all nations of men.'—*The Word of God.*

Fair beamed the morning, bright the day
When God, to crown creation's plan,
Fashioned, and breathed on senseless clay,
And called the glorious creature Man.
He took his sign from the sky;
And stamped his birthright on his brow,
That seal was 'Freedom—Liberty!'
And there he bears the impress now—
Dear as the life-blood to his frame,
Welcome and vital as his breath;
'Tis his unchangeable the same,
His Father's gift, and his till death;
And his it ever must remain,
Till all mankind be dust again.

2.

From North to South, from East to West,
From Afric's sands to Greenland's snows,
In every form, in every breast,
The deathless flame of Freedom glows:
And though its tyrant brother dare
The attempt to quench its heavenly light,
The immortal principle is there
As at the first—as pure, as bright:
And whilst he humbly homage pays
Before that God who gave him birth,
He turns a proud, unconquer'd gaze
Upon his fellow-worm of earth,
And tells him, as he scans him o'er,
'I am a man!—what art thou more?'

3.

I am a man!—within me flow
The life-streams of a heart as warm
With love and friendship's sacred glow,
As all who bear the human form
I have a soul!—is that, too, thine,
Deathless, immortal as thine own,
Sprung from an origin Divine.
Though chains may bind my body down,
And when the last dread trump shall bring
Our separate dust from out the grave,
And all this world's distinctions fling
To dark oblivion's boundless wave,
I'll tell thee, 'mid the thunder's roar,
I am a man!—what art thou more?

A. K. B.

From the Genius of Liberty.

LAST WORDS OF EMMET.

'Let no man write my epitaph—for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, so let no man pre-judge or ignorance asperse them. Let my repose in obscurity and peace, until other times and other men can do justice to my character; when my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then—and not till then—let my epitaph be written.'

He stood before the assembled crowd,

And not a glance had quailed;

Nor his lofty heart in high resolves

Had for an instant failed;

The haughty souls of bitter foes

Within their bosoms shok,

As he bent his clear eye proudly round,

With such a fearful look.

And these were the high words he spoke:

'Are not these lips as free

To bear their witness to the cause

Of glorious liberty—

As free to speak the sacred words

Which only tyrants fear,

As those which coldly break the rights

Of injured freedom here?

And they will speak—the fires that glow

Within this breast of mine,

Were kindled at the holy blaze

Of freedom's hallowed shrine:

And till the heart itself be dead,

Its beatings throb no more,

Its pulses, still to freedom true,

Will tremble as before.

Ye have the power, if not the right,

To crush this feeble frame,

But the high spirit's fiery zeal

Is not yours to tame:

And while ye dare to brand with crime

That never stained my brow,

I, too, may dare to brave the power

To which I will not bow.

Yes, do your worst—yo may spread your pall

To darken round your name,

But the fearless spirit yo cannot bend—

That still remains the same—

And for that name I would not stop

To ask one memory,

Till every rock and blade of grass

Upon this soil is free.

Let not my martyr's fate be read

While Erin wears her chains:

I would not ask one friendly hand

To wipe away the stains:

And o'er the pillow of my rest

One tear must not be shed,

Till the holy cross of freedom may

Be placed above the dead.'

PILGRIM'S WAY-SONG.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

I'm bound to the house of my Father;

O draw not my feet from the way,

Nor stop me these wild-flowers to gather;

They droop at my touch and decay!

I think of the flowers that are blooming

In beauty unfolding above.

The wings of kind angels perfuming,

Who fly down on errands of love.

Of earth's shallow waters the drinking

Is powerless my thirst to assuage;

Their taste is of tears, while we're sinking

Beside them where quicksands betray.

I long for the fount ever living,

That flows by my Father's own door,

With waters so sweet and life-giving,

To drink and to thirst never more.

The gold of this bright happy dwelling,

Makes all gold lower to look dim;

Its treasures all treasures excelling,

Shine forth and allure me to Him.

The gems of this world I am treading

In dust, where pebbles they lie;

To win the rich pearl that is shedding

Its lustre so pure from on high.

For pains a torn spirit is feeling,

No balm from earth it receives;

I go to the tree that is healing,

To drop in my wounds from its leaves.

A child that is weary with roaming,

Returning in gladness to see

Its home, and its parents, I'm coming—

My Father, I hasten to thee!

TEMPER.

The wildest ills that darken life,

Are rapture to the bosom's strife;

The tempest, in its blackest form,

Is beauty, to the bosom's storm.

MEMORY.

In that instant, o'er his soul

Winters of memory seemed to roll,

And gather in that drop of time,

A life of pain, an age of crime.

BY BYRON.

MISCELLANY.

From the Christian Investigator.

Nature and distinguished features of a true Christian Reformation of Mora.

SOBRIETY—SERIOUSNESS—VIGILANCE.

'Watch and pray,' said the Saviour, 'that ye enter not into temptation.' 'Be sober, be vigilant,' said an inspired apostle, 'because your adversary, the Devil, goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.'

If it be true that a work of public reformation calls for deep humiliation and penitence on the part of those who would be useful in its promotion, it must be evident that they are called upon to renounce levity of manners, conversation and deportment, as altogether incongruous with the character they would maintain, totally unbefitting the times on which they are cast, and utterly incompatible with the successful prosecution of the work they have undertaken to accomplish.

Say what you will of the christian virtue of cheerfulness. Cheerfulness is not levity. Be it so, that a stiff austerity was the fault of our ancestors. It does by no means follow that their sons, who criticise them, are less exposed to the opposite error. It may be difficult to define the boundaries with precision, but there is such a thing as a just medium between sternness and gloom, on the one hand, and lightness and flippancy on the other. The Saviour—was he morose and unapproachable? But when did he ever descend to the frivolous? When did he seek to chase the cares, or enliven the solitude, or rouse the lethargy, or rally the despondency of his family or disciples, with facetious stories, with ludicrous associations, with low, pitiful jests? The very mention of such a suppression strikes the mind at once with a sensation bordering upon horror. But what is an ultraist? Let us settle that point, before we go further. The literal meaning of an ultraist, is one who goes beyond others. But it is applied in these times, and freely applied, too, as a term of reproach, to those persons, who are eagerly desirous to press forward any cause much more rapidly than public opinion may deem necessary, expedient or proper. An ultraist is always in advance of public opinion. He pursues with wonderful energy and perseverance some object, which he believes will benefit a portion of mankind, or help the whole human race. And he may be promoted to this by the action of his reasoning powers, by the impulses of a high moral and religious principle, by an elevated sense of right, or a strong feeling of benevolence.

An ultraist never looks back—he never looks around, but always straight forward. He aims to establish some favorite principle, or accomplish some darling object, and all his mental energies are concentrated for the accomplishment of that specific purpose. He disregards obstacles, and is, perhaps, too apt to despise the weak, the timid, and wavering. Opposition only induces him to press forward with increased energy. Indeed, he will hardly be checked by the most formidable barriers which caution, or expediency may interpose. His real character is seldom truly interpreted by the great mass of mankind. By some he is for a time regarded as a fanatic, by others as a harmless visionary or enthusiast, and by others as a dangerous member of society, whose proper place is a lunatic asylum. An ultraist is seldom understood, until success crowns his efforts—and then the man who was treated with ridicule and contempt, suddenly stands forth as a benefactor of mankind—and monuments are erected to his memory. A man can hardly be an ultraist unless he possesses moral courage enough to disregard the scoffs and sneers and censures of the world. Were it otherwise, ultraists would be far more numerous than they are at present.

COLUMBUS was an ultraist. He had pondered much on subjects connected with geography and science. He felt that the Indies could be approached by sailing in a Western direction. This formed the subject of his conversation by day and of his dreams by night. And when can this be said to be the case, if it be not in the day when nations, communities, churches and ministers are called upon to humble themselves before God, on account of great national sins? Hypocrites may indeed counterfeited such a humility—they may 'bow down their heads like bulrush, and spread sackcloth and ashes under them, and call it a fast,' while they make no refusal to 'break the yoke' of their sins. But this is not the case. Peter, James, and John, to make sport, and lampoon each other for diversion, in order to prove that they were not hypocritical Pharisees!

We repeat it, there is no room for levity, while the judgments of Heaven are hanging over our guilty nation, for its sins. If a sceptical statesman could 'tremble for his country' half a century ago, in anticipation of those judgments, is it not most lamentable that christian reformers and ministers should now think to rouse the nation to repentance, by intermixing and spicing their solemn exhortations with facetious jibes? Was it thus (does any one believe,) that the Ninevites were led to humble themselves, and abstain from their sins? Is it they who were more to blame than the Prince of reformers? They were indeed the most wicked people in the world, but they were not the least occasion that the Prince of reformers could have had in bringing about the conversion of the Gentiles.

The PILGRIM ANCESTORS were all ultraists. They had views and opinions of their own, such as they believed were beneficial to society, and they would not forego them. They were ridiculed and persecuted. They were not without fortitude for a time, but finally abandoned their country, and fled to strange wilderness, rather than abandon principles which they believed would conduct to the happiness of mankind.

FRANKLIN was an ultraist. Even learned men who stood by him, and the Society of Friends, while they approved his principles, yet were not willing to give up their former opinions.

PATRICK HENRY was an ultraist of the first water. His heart beat for freedom, and while others were full of offending the powers which governed this country, and talked about 'going too fast and too far,' he boldly avowed his determination to be free or to die.

ROBERT FULTON was an ultraist. He felt a conviction that the application of steam to propellers would be of immense benefit to mankind.—To this end, he sacrificed his property, and even his reputation for wisdom and prudence; for at one time all persons regarded him as visionary, an ultraist, who saw things and results which others could not see; and his friends in vain urged him to quit this visionary pursuit, and turn his attention to other and more common-place subjects.

JOHN HOWARD was an ultraist. He had his hobby, and he road it hard. He passed his whole life in endeavoring to persuade his fellow-men to be humane to the poor.

He sought to expose the cruelties of prison authorities, and to secure the adoption of laws for the improvement of prison discipline. He was a strenuous advocate of the abolition of capital punishment, and of the reduction of the death-penalty.

WILBERFORCE was a distinguished ultraist. He perceived at an early age the injustice and iniquities of the slave trade, and bent all his energies, for many years, to annihilating the infamous traffic, and meliorating the condition of the African race. But he was ridiculed and despised by the many—denounced as a fanatic and an ultraist—burnt in effigy, and insulted as he walked the streets, and threatened with assassination! In what estimation is his character held now?

The above men were all ultraists—and we could proceed further for readers a long list of names of ultraists, who are now eagerly pursuing, what they conceive to be most important objects—and whose conduct should entitle them at least, to our respect—for their motives are undoubtedly pure—but it is unnecessary. Let us not despise these men because we cannot think precisely as they do, on subjects to which, perhaps, we have never directed particular attention. Let us listen to them—let us at least hear their reasons before we treat them with ridicule or contempt. If a man, who bears the character of a good citizen, decides that his comparative labor and study for thirty years, has been devoted to the application of acknowledged scientific principles, he can ride through the air on a steamship, and have seen the world without being vigilantly watched, and scrupulously pressed. Fools make a mock at sin, but wise men weep over it. The thought of foolish objectors is always sin, and as such it should be compassionately deplored and earnestly reproved. The philosopher who laughed at human follies was less a lover of his race than he who contemplated them with tears. It was on account of human folly that the Saviour was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. If the propects used irony, it was of the solemn, severe, denunciatory, reprobating kind, which sinners are little accustomed to be delighted with, or to smile over. If a lighter kind of satire and ridicule are to be used at all, they should be used as darts, and not as arrows, to pierce the heart, and wound the feelings.

Comedians have always satisfied, and gaudily displayed the gaudy and the ridiculous, instead of the serious and the tragic. The present condition of our reformers ranks admonishes us, that little is gained by laughing at them.

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We repeat it, there is no room for levity, while the atmosphere of levity and jesting is unfavorable to the formation of stable, consistent and sound character. And just so far as a public taste is created which demands speakers who will make the people laugh, a taste is created which spurs sober investigation and instruction. If such a taste is to prevail, the speaker must become a harlequin, a mountebank, a public jester, in order to secure an audience. In vain may we look for the materials of an army of moral reformers among triflers like these. Like the Athenians, they may readily open their ears to every new thing. But like the Athenians, they will as readily turn away in derision, as soon as they discover that the speaker, (a Paul though he may be,) has nothing to entertain them with but sober truth and good sense.

Stupidity and dulness may indeed put on the airs of wisdom, and stalk with mock solemnity in high places; but this furnishes no good reason why soberity should be shamed out of the house of prayer, or why wisdom should borrow the cap and bells of folly, and play the buffoon.

No christian reformer imagine himself useful, any further than he is instrumental in persuading

THE LIBERATOR.

From the Friend of Man.

Extracts from the last letter of the correspondent of Gerrit Smith, who resides in Tennessee.

'An opinion is gaining ground at the South, that Slavery can not continue long.'

The whole South has been in some degree influenced by the abolitionists. Barbarous punishments are less frequent. Burning slaves alive was a barbarity that prevailed in South-Carolina until 1830. The last instance I heard of in that State was in Abbeville-District. A young negro man, said to be twenty years old, was tried and sentenced by a court composed of two magistrates and five freeholders, and executed near that part of the district, if I am correctly informed. There were the plantations of John C. Calhoun and George McDowell.